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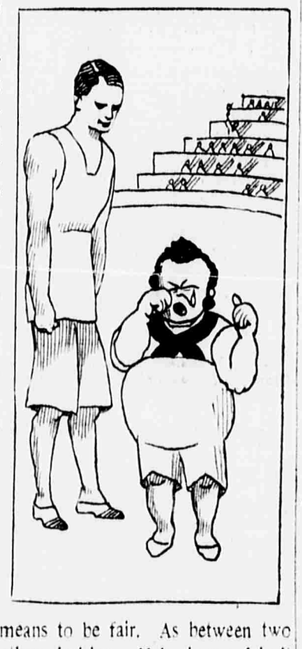
THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

WHEN the tail of a lion is twisted the lion roars. So long as he is left to have his own way he is a rather amiable beast.

That seems to be the situation in the Olympic games at London. So long as the United Kingdom contestants were securing the majority of points they were quite pleased with themselves and amiable toward the American team with that condescension which superiors are wont to display toward their inferiors.

Through so much association with inferior races the British have come to regard themselves as superior beings. In India a few thousand Englishmen rule several hundred million Hindoos. In Africa the Kaffirs and Hottentots labor to enrich British owners of the gold mines. In Hongkong, the Straits Settlements and the other British trading outposts which enable the Union Jack to circle the world the English regard the natives as inferior races, to be treated kindly when they are docile and to be chastised when they seek to assert themselves.

A few good thrashings would rearrange the English perspective of the world and make it approach more nearly to accuracy.



For the treatment of the American team by the English sport officials the Americans are themselves partly to blame. They should have paid more attention to the preliminaries and investigated the rules and the methods of drawing for the preliminary heats beforehand, and, if they were not satisfied, made their protests in advance of action and not afterward.

Take the tug-of-war test, where the American team was surprised to see the British team appear with heavy armored shoes, while the Americans had on light track shoes. Investigation of the rules would have prevented this surprise, and the Americans could have either had the rules changed, or, failing in that, put on heavy shoes themselves.

The Englishman, especially in sports, thinks that he is fair. He means to be fair. As between two foreigners he is fair, as in the Marathon decision. If he is not fair it comes from ignorance or prejudice, both of which qualities the average Englishman has in large quantities, as his father, his grandfather and great-grandfather had before him. One of his most inscaked prejudices is that the Englishman is superior to everybody else in those things requiring strength, pluck and courage. From which it naturally follows that if the other man wins it is because of foul play or violating the rules or something else than square sport.

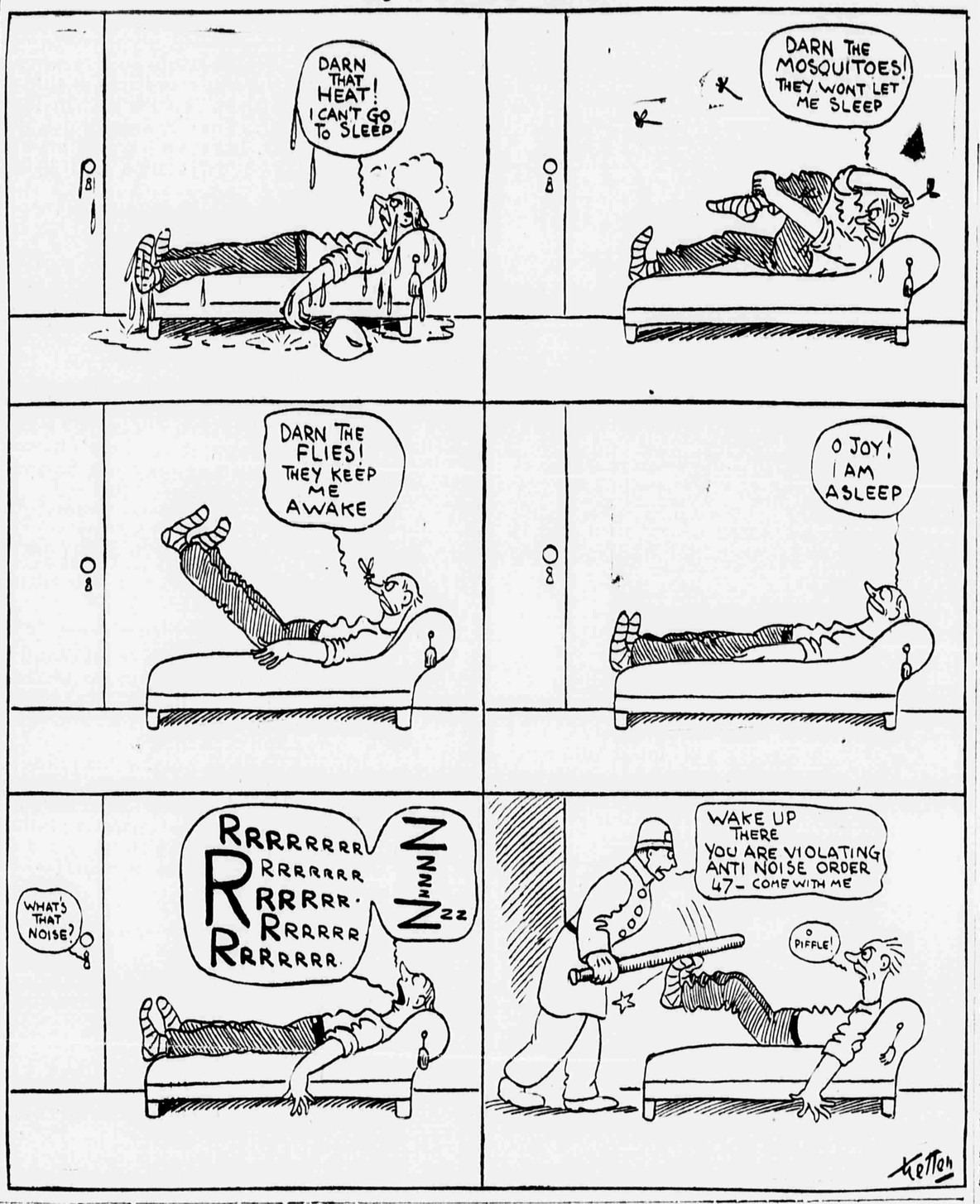
The American takes the winner with less attention to who he is or how he got there than the Englishman.

In the United States the man who has become a multi-millionaire has made a success of his life whether he got his millions by industry and thrift or by forming a trust or gambling in stocks or some other process at the public's expense. The less labor and the more shrewdness by which he became rich the more he is admired by a certain class of the American public.

The clash of the English view with the American view will be good for both. It will knock some of the conceit out of the Britisher and it will tend to modify the American view that to win is the greatest thing in life.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten



This Is Mr. Jarr's Day to Kick, Which He Does Beautifully, and to Such Good Purpose That He Spends a Few Hours in Gus's Cafe

By Roy L. McCardell.

Roy L. McCardell

"LOOK at that cobweb; it's disgraceful!" said Mr. Jarr, pointing to the corner of the dining-room ceiling.

"Well, my dear, we are going to give the room a cleaning to-morrow," said Mrs. Jarr.

"It looks most unpleasant to me and I'll do some cleaning now," said Mr. Jarr, and he got the broom from the kitchen.

"Wait till I pin a clean piece of cloth on the end of the broom," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, don't distress yourself!" said Mr. Jarr. "I know what I'm doing!" So saying, he brushed down the cobweb and the broom made a dirty mark on the ceiling.

"Now you have done it!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I told you to put a cloth on the broom! Now you've spoiled the ceiling!"

"Well, it looks better at that than with that cobweb sticking up there!" said Mr. Jarr. "And what's the parlor chair doing in the dining-room? It's no wonder everything in this house gets broken and looks shabby in no time!"

"Little Emma brought it in," said Mrs. Jarr. "It won't be harmed."

"Well, it's no place for it, anyway!" growled Mr. Jarr.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Edward Jarr?" asked his wife. "I never saw you so particular about things before although you are quick enough to find fault at any time!"

"I am not," said Mr. Jarr, "but when I see everything going to wrack and ruin in this house it's about time to say something! Look at those magazines in the corner! Is the dining-room any place for magazines, and especially the floor?"

"That's the old magazine you gave the children to cut pictures out of," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, I didn't mean for them to do it in the dining-room," said Mr. Jarr. "I think the children are old enough to keep things in some order."

"What are they to do?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "You talk as if they had a tenacre lot to play in, or a play-room and nursery like rich people's children. Where else are they to play? In the parlor?"

"I don't care where they play, but they can be made to put things away when they are through with them. And I want you to put some buttons on my blue shirt."

"You told me you couldn't wear that blue shirt any more because it was too small in the neck for you, and it is about worn out, anyway, so I cut the buttons off and used them on the children's clothes," said Mrs. Jarr meekly.

"Well, you put them back on again. I'm going to wear that shirt to-morrow. I haven't a decent thing to wear and nobody pays any attention to my clothes!"

"You are very careless of your clothes yourself," remonstrated his wife. "You never brush them, you never hang up your coat, you never fold your trousers."

"Oh, I take care of my things all right, but nobody else looks after them," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "I'm wearing socks now with holes in them!"

"You are very hard on your socks, too," replied Mrs. Jarr, "but you'll find some new ones in your dresser."

"What's that on the rug?" asked Mr. Jarr, looking down at the floor. "It's positively ruined!"

"That's some ink the children spilled. You knew about it. You let them have the ink. The stain has been there two months."

"Yes and nobody made any attempt to take them out. Why didn't you try lemon or ammonia or something?" growled the man of the house.

"I did try everything, but I couldn't get it out," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's a cheap old rug, anyway, and I'm going to get a new one this fall."

"Oh, you spoil things and throw them out and get new ones!" said Mr. Jarr angrily. "And who pays for them? Who has to slave for the money, Mrs. Jarr?"

"You furnish the money, I suppose," said Mrs. Jarr mildly. "Who else should?"

This was a poser for Mr. Jarr, who only grunted.

"Come now," said Mrs. Jarr, "you are cross. What's the matter with you?"

"Matter enough!" snapped Mr. Jarr, banging the table. "I tell you the waste and carelessness in this house is simply criminal! And a man can't make a faint protest but what he's abused and told to shut up and it's none of his business! I'm going out!"

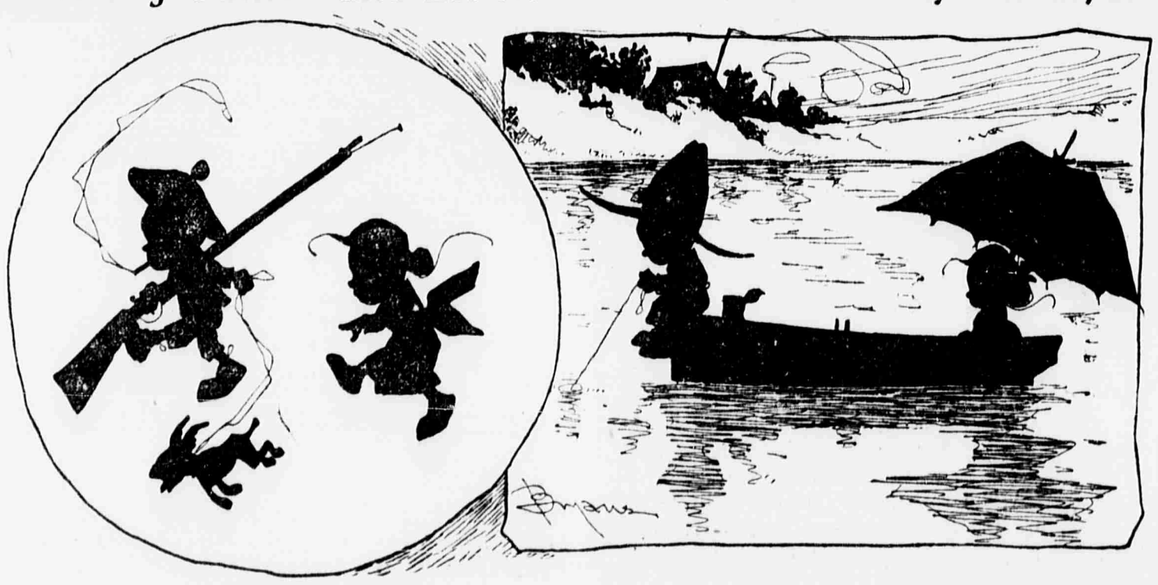
"Well, be in a better humor when you come in," said Mrs. Jarr, quietly.

An hour later Mr. Jarr was still arguing with Mr. Rangle in Gus's place that it was scolding, fault-finding wives that drove men to the saloon.

And Mr. Rangle said he wondered what the country was coming to, anyway, with the women having their own way so much.

After Big Game---and Lit.le.

By J. K. Bryans.



"Oh, Willie, wot yer goin' ter shoot?"

"Indians, of course! You didn't suppose I was goin' out to hunt sparrows, did you?"

The Girl—Yes, Willie, I think we'd better call our engagement off!

The Boy—Why, Genevieve?

The Girl—Well, I'm just thinkin' that any man that can sit with his back to a girl, fishin' for four hours, ain't very much in love!

Fifty Great Love Stories of History

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 14—HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN.

A GIRL who was so beautiful that people overlooked the deformity of her having two thumbs on each hand changed the religion and history of England by means of a silly flirtation. The girl with the double set of thumbs was Anne Boleyn, daughter of a sixteenth century politician. The man with whom she undertook to flirt was His (more or less) Gracious Majesty King Henry VIII. of England.

Henry was great-grandson of Owen Tudor. He found England a third-rate European power. By his personal genius and statecraft he made it one of the foremost nations of the earth. As a mere boy he had been married, for reasons of state, to his elder brother's widow, Catherine of Aragon. She was many years older than he, and was an invalid and of a melancholy pious nature. Henry was athletic, jolly and not much given to piety. There was nothing about such a woman as Catherine to interest him. Moreover, they had no living children except one sickly daughter, Mary. And Henry longed for a son to carry on his fame. Yet he would probably have remained true to Catherine to the end of her days if he had not chanced to meet Anne Boleyn.

A Wily "Maid of Honor."

Anne was one of Catherine's maids of honor. She managed to attract Henry's attention and started a violent flirtation with him. That she at first dared expect the affair to go further is doubtful. But Henry, who hitherto had paid little heed to such temptations, fell violently in love with her. She had the beauty, youth and gayety his wife lacked. Anne quite easily won him from the poor, gentle old Queen. The latter had no charms wherewith to combat the younger woman's art.

As soon as she saw Henry was seriously interested in her Anne set her wits to work to make herself Queen. The upshot of the matter was that Henry decided to get rid of Catherine of Aragon. But this was easily done. The Catholic Church did not recognize divorce. Moreover, Catherine's nephew, Charles V. of Germany, was too powerful a foe for the Pope to offend. Henry solved the problem by wrenching the Kingdom away from its Catholic allegiance, and proclaiming himself the head of the English Church. In this new capacity he arranged that the marriage with his brother's widow be pronounced null and void. Then, freed from Catherine, he at once married Anne. The wedding occurred early in 1533. Anne, who had earlier received from the King the title of Countess of Pembroke, was solemnly crowned Queen of England.

Her ambition was at last gratified. She had turned Henry's head from his faithful old wife and had raised herself to the highest position in the land. Incidentally, she had changed England's creed, and in so doing started an almost endless chain of religious persecution, murders, executions, &c. Not that this troubled her at all. For three years she and Henry governed England together. They had one daughter, Elizabeth, who was destined one day to become her country's greatest Queen. Anne herself showed little gift for ruling.

At the end of three years Henry's fickle fancy wandered from Anne to one of her young maids of honor, Jane Seymour. Here retribution set in. Anne was made to pay bitterly for her past misdeeds. As she, while maid of honor, had stolen Henry's love from his first wife, so now the younger, prettier Jane Seymour won Henry from Anne, and by much the same methods. Henry, infatuated with Jane, discovered he was heartily tired of Anne. Those double thumbs at last began to outweigh her good looks. He sought some plausible way to get rid of her. Courtiers helped him out by trumping up accusations against Anne. Among other crimes she was accused of treason. There is no reason for believing her guilty on any of the charges. But she was condemned to death. Plucky to the last, she wrote mockingly to the King, thanking him for all he had done for her, and ending with the words:

One Queen's Punishment.

"You made me a Marchioness, then a Queen. And as you can raise me no higher in the world, you are now sending me to be a Saint in heaven."

Whether or not she was accurate in this prophecy as to her destination, she was beheaded on May 19, 1536. Henry took great credit to himself for mercifully allowing her to be thus executed, instead of burning her at the stake. The next day he married Jane Seymour.

Jane did not live long to enjoy her triumph. After she died Henry married in quick succession three more wives. His good luck, his health, his personality—some think even his sanity as well—had deserted him from the day he cast aside Catherine of Aragon to marry Anne Boleyn.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp.

"MR. DOOLEY" on Grant's Drinking.

By P. Finley Dunne.

"I PUT down th' list iv these great men with th' principal facts about them," said Mr. Dooley in the American Magazine, after dealing humorously with Taft's speech about Grant as a drinker. "Alexander the Great—Dhrunk an' disorderly.

"Joolyas Caysar—Gambling; women; he put perfumery on his hair.

"Saint Augustine—Disreputable youth.

"Napolyon Bonypart—He had epileptic fits.

"William Pitt—Dhrunkard; highway robber.

"Lord Byrum (if I have the name right)—Dhrunkenness; women; gambling; prize-fightin'; chicken-fightin'; dog-fightin'; had a game leg.

"Tommy Moore, author iv 'Let Erin Remimber'—Toady.

"George Wash'n'ton—'How did he catch th' cold that kilt him?' says Hogan. 'Tell me that!'

"Benjamin Franklin—Whisper! So-an'-so-an'-so.

"Andrew Jackson—He cuddent spell, an' his wife smoked a corncob pipe.

"Abraham Lincoln—

"'Stop there,' says I. 'Ye've gone far enough,' says I. 'I have not a personal acquaintance with anny iv th' gintlemen ye've mintioned, but I'll bet ye're wrong. Ye can't tell me that annybody who was full iv rum iver conkered th' worruld, or that a man that had so manny other inthresitin' pursoots as Lord Byrum wud iver have time to write pothry. Anny more insinuations again George Wash'n'ton or Andrew Jackson I'll take as personal. Ye can gossip about th' living as much as ye want,' say I. 'Say what ye plaze about Hinnissy or Donahue an' I'll agree with ye an take ye down to their houses to repeat it, an' I'll stand by to giv ye th' first aid to th' injured. Ye can gossip here; ye can swear an' tell tough stories. But I've got to dhraw th' line somewhere. This is a respictable saloon, an' I'll not have misthry or biography repeated in this place,' says I."

"'Tis th' penalty iv fame," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Thrue f'r ye," said Mr. Dooley. "Fame is always playin' April fool thricks with the great. It pins a goold medal on th' chest iv th' hero, an' as he sthruts down th' sthreet he little knows that it has hung a sign on his coat tails sayin' 'Plaze kick me!'"

"Thou Shalt Be a Gentleman."

By President George Harris (Amherst College).

THE college cultivates the ideal of gentlemen. There is no place in the world where meanness has so little toleration as in a college. "Thou shalt be a gentleman" is the first amendment to the Ten Commandments, and on it hang the academic law and prophets. The meek enjoy the best values, have dominion by righteousness and service, by being the right kind of persons. Now, have we a better conception of this ideal character than that which is expressed in the good word gentleman—the righteous, the honorable, cultivated man? We might almost say that the Christian conception of character has passed from the ideal of the saint to the ideal of the gentleman.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Wonderful Talking Dog.

A VENTRILOQUIST and his dog arrived at a country hotel. The man had only a dime in his pocket, but he sat down at the table and prepared to order a meal.

"What will you have?" asked the landlord. The ventriloquist gave his order, and, turning to the dog, he asked: "What will you have?"

"I will take a ham sandwich," the dog seemed to answer. The hotelkeeper was breathless for a moment with astonishment.

"What did he say?" he asked.

"Tell him again, Nero," responded the man.

"I said 'a ham sandwich,'" the dog seemed to reply. The landlord was so impressed by the talking of the dog that he offered $30 for it. The owner of the dog held out for $50, which the landlord paid.

As the ventriloquist was leaving the place the dog turned to him and said: "You wretch! To sell me for $50. I will never speak another word." And he never did.

Yc : Bet They Took 'Em Off.

SOMETHING more than quiet humor is in this paragraph printed at the end of the Edmonton Opera-House regulations by Manager Brandon: "Any old ladies afraid of taking cold may keep on their hats or bonnets."

Letters from the People.

Must Be Between 17 and 22.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How old must a boy be to be admitted to the Military Academy at West Point?

WILLIAM GROSSMAN.

"Pilgrim Mothers."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wonder why the landers of Plymouth were not called "Pilgrim Mothers" as well as "Pilgrim Fathers." There were women on the Mayflower as well as men. BENJAMIN.

Travelling Men as Husbands.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A reader writes bitterly on the subject of "Travelling Salesmen" as husbands. I am the wife of a travelling salesman. We have been married eighteen years. We are very happy and are devoted to each other. Both my sisters married travelling salesmen and are happy. There are, of course, many exceptions, but I think as a rule travelling salesmen make as good husbands as any class of men. Their frequent absences from home on business trips of course cause loneliness to their families. But such men are broader-minded, more entertaining and appreciate home comforts better, I think, than most men do. What do other wives of travelling salesmen say?

Mrs. R. C.

Montclair Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read the letter of the man who lost his way in Montclair and could find no one to tell him where certain well-known streets were situated. I have had almost exactly the same experience there. My explanation is that most Montclairites do business in New York and are away from home all day. In the evenings they probably stay in their own neighborhoods and are too tired to explore other streets. The "two strokes" curfew bell sounds in Montclair at 9 o'clock, sharp. It's a case of $5 fine if a dog barks later. Last week when I was up there one night I heard a fat, black collie pup spend $7.325 in talks at passing trolley cars between 9.59 and 10.11. Extravagant, spendthrift cur that he was! WANDERER.